C-221-5-6

Northern Messenger

Wm Bromscombe 23 0306

VOLUME XLI. No. 25 MONTREAL, JUNE 22, 1906. 40 Cts. Per a. Post-Paid

Janie's Prayer.

On the Late War, and Other Sketches.

She was only six years old when all the trouble came along, and little hearts feel gloom and grief very badly, I think. Anyhow, Janie's did, and the wee maid used to creep about the house with a sort of crushed look that was sad to see on such a round pretty face.

'Daddy's gone to war,' she would whisper; 'gone to fight bad men, an' maybe Daddy will get hurt. Mummy says, so we're awful sad, an' frightened, 'cos Daddy's the dearest, bestest man on earth, an' we're just miserable since he's gone.' Then Janie's eyes would flash, and her little fists double up, as she cried, 'I hate the bad men, I do, who want to hurt my daddy, an' I hope they'll all be killed, and deaded.'

One day Mother heard this, and called the little girl to her room.

Janie went slowly, for she felt that Mother had not liked the 'killing and deading' idea, besides, it was horrid to see red rims to Mother's brown eyes, and all the pretty roses washed away from her cheeks

SHE BEHELD A SMALL, WHITE-CLAD FIGURE.

'You see,' Janie said, standing in the doorway of the lovely blue-and-white bedroom, 'I don't feel 'xactly good enough to come in,' and she stuck her dimpled fingers in her pink mouth, in a sort of shame. Mother did look so sweet and sad, and so very very, gentle, but when she held out her arms Janie was soon in their loving shelter.

''Course I'm wicked,' she gasped, 'but I want Daddy so bad, an' I can't help wishing the bad men were killed.'

'Those men may have their little children wanting them,' Mother said, with tears running down her cheeks.

Janie stared.

'Gracious! So they may, Mummy. Somehow I never thought o' that.' For some moments she was silent with dismay, her busy little brain thinking deeply, then she suddenly turned, beaming, and smiling.

'Why, mother,' she cried, 'now I know why the world's so wretched. I've been praying all wrong about this war, an' I guess most other folks, too. It isn't the killing an' deading God wants of the other men, or ours; it's the making friends, an' peace again, that'll put the world all right, so we'll start to-day, an' pray, an' pray, in quite a fresh way!

And the heavy heart of the soldier's wife seemed to grow lighter as she caught the infection of the child's enthusiasm, and saw the faith and hope dancing in her bright eyes.

That night she went, as usual, to her girlie's room, and beheld a small, white-clad figure kneeling in a shining patch of moonlight, with earnest, upturned face, and lips that moved in prayer. 'Oh, dear Jesus,' they said, 'don't kill our enemies, but make them our friends instead, so there can't be any more fightin, an' the Daddies won't die, an' the Mothers won't cry. This war's an awful, horrible thing, but you can stop it, 'cause you're King. So, Jesus, from your Home above, turn the hate to peace and love.'

Then the little figure crept into bed, unknowing of a listener whose prayers had followed hers.

Two or three weeks later, as Janie and her mother were sitting at breakfast, there was a sudden tumult in the streets, and a shout of 'Peace proclaimed!' rang out, to be caught up by voice after voice. Servants came running in, windows were flung up, and it really seemed as though the world would go mad with joy, everyone laughing and crying together.

'Peace—Peace proclaimed! Peace at last! The war was over!'

And Janie and her mother stood, hand in hand, their hearts full of thanks, and joy, as they whispered, 'He will come back to us now, our dear, brave soldier,' and Janie said, solemnly, 'God heard that prayer.'—Maud Maddick, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

Molly—A Sketch.

Old Molly Sorrel drew her shawl close round her as she came out of the church. Her eyes were sad and troubled, and her footsteps faltered.

Life had seemed very hard of late, and Molly was tired, and confessed to herself that she 'couldn't reckon things up.'

The sermon had been about the duty of love towards God. It had been delivered in very eloquent, and to Molly very obscure, language, and she was sore puzzled.

'Well, well,' she said to herself, 'if it is so, it is; but I can't understan' it. I can't make meself love a person I've never seen, nor even know. They say he's here, but I've been a-seekin' him all me life, and never found him yet!'

On her way home from the day's charing the following night, she had to call at one of the big houses for some washing.

The kitchen was warm and bright and comfortable. Molly had had a hard day. She sat down near the fire, glad of a few minutes' rest while she waited for the bundle.

The cook was making preparations for the dinner. The soup smelled very good and appetizing. Molly thought of the eighteenpence in her pocket, and was wondering whether she could afford to get a

bit of something' as she went home, when suddenly voices were heard coming from the drawing-room. A man's harsh tones, loud and angry, and then a woman's pleading voice which broke every now and then into a sob.

'Ah,' said the cook, as she paused with soup-ladle in her hand, 'it's master and missis; mercy on us! they're at it again!'

As Molly went out with her bundle of clothes the tears were in her eyes.

'Even there,' she said, 'is sorrow and misery!'

She trudged along. Presently she began to hum a scrap of a song she had heard somewhere.

Against some railings was a woman with a baby in her arms. She was leaning up against them as though weary, and something in her face made Molly hesitate a moment, and then stop.

'Why,' she said, ''tis cold, ye'll be a-standin' there like that, and the child an' all; why don't yer get along home?'

The woman raised her eyes in surprise at Molly's kind words.

'I'm only restin' a bit,' she said.

'Have you walked far?' asked Molly.

''Most all day.'

Molly looked at the pale little face of the child beneath the shawl.

'Is she asleep?' she inquired.

'No, I don't think so; she is always like that. I can't get her food; we've had nothing since yesterday.' And the woman straightened herself as if to move on.

'Why, let me carry the bairn a bit for yer,' said Molly. 'Yer looks just fit to drop.' And tucking her bundle under one arm, she took the child with the other, and they trudged off together.

At the corner of a narrow street Molly stopped, and, putting the child back in its mother's arms, fumbled in her pocket.

'See, my dear! she said, 'it's only a trine, but it'll get yer a bit for to-night.' And thrusting her earnings into the woman's hand, she hurried away into the darkness.

She climbed the stairs to a little room at the top of some old buildings. It was very bare and comfortless. She found some sticks and some pieces of coal, and kindled a blaze in the grate; and then sat down in front of it, and watched the light flicker on the walls.

She fancied that somehow the room did not look quite so poor and shabby as it did on other nights; the fire seemed to burn bigger and brighter than it usually did; she felt quite warm, and a feeling of wonderful peace and rest came over her.

Suddenly she became conscious of some one in the room, standing beside her chair, and a voice, exceedingly soft and tender, seemed to say to her ear:

'Molly, Molly, "the kingdom of God is within you." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these, ye have done it unto me." "Lo, I am with you alway!"'

The face of the woman with the baby passed before her, and smiled.

Molly opened her eyes. The tears were running down her cheeks, and a great peace, such as she had never felt before, filled her soul.

'Lord,' she cried, stretching out her wrinkled hands, 'dear Lord, I have found Thee at last!'—J. Crofts.

Pity the Hindu Widows.

Told by One of Themselves.

There are four principal castes among Hindus, and of them all I think the third class, the Kaites, to which I belong, make their widows suffer most.

Nearly all widows are treated badly enough, but our customs are much worse than those of some others. In the Punjab they are not always strict in enforcing their customs with widows; but though we live in the Punjab, our family comes from the North-west, and as we are rich and well-to-do, our customs are kept up scrupulously.

When a husband dies, his wife suffers as much as if the death angel had come to her also. She must not be approached by any of her relations, but several women, from three to six (wives of barbers, a class who are kept up for this object), are in waiting, and as soon as the husband's last breath is drawn they rush at the new-made widow and tear off her ornaments. Ear and nose-rings are dragged off, often tearing the cartilege; ornaments plaited in with the hair are torn away, and if the arms are covered with gold and silver bracelets they do not take the time to draw them off one by one, but holding her arm on the ground they hammer with a stone until the metal, often solid and heavy, breaks in two. It matters not to them how many wounds they inflict; they have no pity, not even if the widow is but a child of six or seven, who does not know what a husband means.

Going to the Burning Place.

At that time two sorrows come upon every widow, one from God, and one from her own people, who should cherish and support her, but who desert and execrate her. If the husband dies away from home, then, on the arrival of the fatal news, all this is done. At the funeral all the relatives, men as well as women, have to accompany the corpse to the burning ghat. If they are rich and have carriages they must not use them, but all go on foot. The men follow the corpse, the women (all the ladies well covered from sight) come after, and last the widow, led along by the barbers' wives. They take care that at least two hundred feet intervene between her and any other woman, for it is supposed that if her shadow fell on any (her tormentors excepted) she also would become a widow; therefore, no relative, however much sympathy she may feel in secret, dare look on her face. One of the rough women goes in front and shouts aloud to any passer-by to get out of the way of the accursed thing, as if the poor widow were a wild beast; the others drag her along.

Arrived at the river, tank, or well, where the body is to be burned, they push her into the water, and as she falls she must lie, with her clothes on, until the body has been burned, and all the company have bathed, washed their clothes and dried them. When they are all ready to start for home, but not before, they drag her out, and in her wet clothes she must trudge home. It matters not what the weather is, in a burning sun or with an icy wind blowing from the Himalayas. They care not if she dies. Oh, I would rather choose the suttee with the husband!

Many are happy enough to die in consequence of these sorrows, for however ill they may become, no care is taken of them, or medicine given.

Dying with Thirst.

I once went to a funeral (before I was myself a widow), where the burning-place was three kos (about six miles) from the city. It was the hottest month of the year, and though we started at sunrise, we did not reach the house again till 3 p.m. I shall never forget how much the women suffered from the hot blasting wind that blew on us like fire, and the blazing sun. We were almost worn out with heat and thirst, though we had stopped often to rest. The poor widow dared not ask for a drink, or she would have lost her character; the women with her might have given her water if they had liked, but they would not.

At last she fell, but they pulled her up again, and dragged her on, told her not to give way, she was not the only widow, taunted her, when she wept, with wanting a husband. When she had no strength left even to crawl, they dragged her along like a bundle of clothes.

On arrival at the house she was flung on the floor in the little room; still, though they knew she was almost dead with thirst, they did not give her a drop of water, and she dared not ask for any. She was a relative of mine; but none of us dared go near her, for it would have brought down maledictions on the head of any who tried it. At last one young woman, after watching a long while, saw her opportunity, and slipped in with a vessel of water. The widow ran at her like a wild creature. I cannot describe how she behaved; at first she did not recognize her friend—she drank, and drank, till life and sense came back to her. Then she fell down at the feet of her who had brought the water, and embracing them said—

'Oh, sister! I will never forget what you have done for me! You are my God—my second Creator! But go away quickly, I pray, that no one may ever find out what you have done, or we shall both suffer. I promise I will never tell of you.'—'Daybreak.'

Ruskin on One's Special Work.

There is a work for us all. And there is a special work for each, work which I cannot do in a crowd or as one of a mass, but as one man, acting singly, according to my own gifts, and under a sense of my personal responsibility. There is, no doubt, associated work for me to do; I must do my work as part of the world's great whole, or as a member of some body. But I have a special work to do as an individual who, by God's plan and appointment, has a separate position, separate responsibilities, and a separate work; if I do not do it, it must be left undone. No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I have come into the world to do; he may do a higher work, a greater work, but he cannot do my work. I cannot hand my work over to him, any more than I can hand my responsibilities or my gifts. Nor can I delegate my work to any association of men, however well ordered or powerful. They have their own work to do, and it may be a very noble one. But they cannot do my work for me. I must do it with these hands or with these lips which God has given me. I may do little, or I may do much. That matters not. It must be my own work. And, by doing my own work, poor as it may seem to some, I shall better fulfil God's end in making me what I am, and more truly glorify His name, than if I were either going out of my own sphere to do the work of another, or calling in another into my sphere to do my proper work for me.

LOYAL CANADIANS.

This is what we want our children to be, everyone of them. It is the little influences that tell. A flag for your home, duly hoisted, on proper occasions, a flag gaily waving over the schoolhouse, a little flag pinned on the coat or dress, a Maple Leaf scarf pin or brooch, continually worn, a hearty, though not necessarily elaborate celebration of Dominion Day, and other National anniversaries—all these go to make up the training of patriotic men and women. It costs a little effort, but it is more than worth while. Our Maple Leaf offer and our Flag Campaign are especially designed to assist this work. Read our advertisements elsewhere in this paper, and send your order now.

With a repeat order:—

Olds, Alta.

'Every one is greatly pleased with the pins and brooches.'

Yours respectfully,
SARAH J. ADSETT.

Brass Hill, May 28, 1906.

John Dougall & Son:—

Dear Sirs.—We received the Maple Leaf brooches, flags and badges, on 22nd inst., and were very much pleased indeed with them. The pupils thought they were getting 'a good deal for ten cents.'

We wish to thank you for them and for the promptness with which you filled our order.

I am glad to be able to help extend the influence of such papers as the 'Witness' and 'Messenger.'

Yours truly,
BELLA L. HOPKINS.

N.B.—All club orders to be accompanied by the list of addresses to which we can send the papers. Persons ordering pins may, where they already get our papers, choose a friend anywhere in Canada to receive the month's FREE subscription to the two papers in their stead. This is a chance to interest your friends in what interests you.

BOYS AND GIRLS

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Jim saw the traces of recent tears in the red circles around his eyes, and the grimy streaks on his fat cheeks. He started to ask the reason, but thought better of it, and went behind the curtain; in a moment he emerged, with a huge slice of bread, buttered generously.

'Eat it,' he commanded.

Like a soldier, Puddin' obeyed orders with admirable promptness; he gulped it down in great mouthfuls, and carefully picked up the few fallen crumbs from his lap, and ate them.

'You live here all alone,' don't you, Jim?' Puddin', evidently feeling much better, was ready for conversation.

'All alone, and never get lonesome, neither.'

'Wish I lived all alone—with Celie.'

'Well, that's pretty near what you're doing now, with your mother away all day.'

'I wish she was away all the time!' responded Puddin' earnestly.

'Puddin',' Jim spoke severely. 'It's a bad thing you're wishin'! A body has no friend in the world like his mother!'

'What for does she hit me then?' Puddin's mind usually moved very slowly, but it needed no thought for his simple, but convincing answer.

Jim leaned back, to think over a suitable answer; before he thought of it, Cecilia came in, her hair slightly dusted with snowflakes.

'It's snowin' out,' she remarked as she brushed them off, with a quick movement of her hand.

'It's all right for it to be snowin 'out, so long as it don't srow in!' Jim thought this witticism worthy of an answering smile, but the girl crept close to the cheery stove, and made no answer. No traces of tears on her face! Jim, on the other side of the stove noticed that the upper half of her face, shaded by the tumbled mass of red hair, was pretty and childish, but the lines that drew towards her tightly drawn lips made her look very old and careworn.

Puddin' broke the silence. 'Jim gave me a big piece of bread-and-butter. More butter than you ever give me. It was good.'

Cecilia tossed back her hair out of her eyes, and in her grateful glance, Jim saw what deep brown eyes she had. He saw, too, across her forehead, now that her hair was back, an ugly bruise.

'How'd you do that?' he asked, pointing to the bruise.

Puddin' started to answer, but she hushed him with a sharp word, as she swept the hair back again with a quick gesture. 'I hit it—against the door.' Jim saw a hot wave of red flush her face, although her eyes looked daringly into his. He hadn't lived in the Court so long without learning many things, and so said nothing. Indeed, he got up for his flute, and with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, started to play. I do not know how well Jim played—it really could not matter, so long as he satisfied his audience; Puddin' soothed by the melody simply let his head fall against the wall, and slept quietly, even the dirty streaks on his face fading in the stove's shadow. The drawn lines on the Saint's face relaxed, and once in a while, she gave a little sigh of restful content. Her red hair, glinting in the fire rays, fell over her forehead in a loose mass, which she now and then brushed back with a quick but graceful movement. Jim fancied that she, too, had fallen asleep, but heard her humming lightly to his tune, humming so tunefully that he tried to woo her into song by playing a snatch here and there, of a half dozen of the popular street airs. But she only hummed carelessly, air after air, until he turned into a solemn old hymn, with which she was not familiar, but she leaned forward, and listened eagerly to the rich chords, and when it ended, in a burst of tender melody, said simply, 'I like that! It reminds me of Jerusalem.'

'Jerusalem!' Jim echoed. 'And how could that remind you of Jerusalem. Sure that's in Asia!'

'I mean the song—the song "Jerusalem"!'

Jim shook his head—he had never heard that song, he said. Did she know it?

'I don't know it exactly,' the Saint explained. 'The last Christmas I was in school, there was a lady sung it, and I can't forget some of it since. I wish I could hear it again, you bet I'd remember it all!'

'Now, if you'd sing what you do remember, maybe I'd know it myself,' said Jim, cutely.

'I'll sing it!' Cecilia threw her head back, and let her hands fall idly in her lap. Her eyelids were half closed, but Jim could catch the gleam of her brown eyes in the glare of the stove, and he noticed that when she started to sing, a look of rapt enjoyment came over her face that almost transfigured it. At the first note, Jim threw his head back, and gazed in bewilderment at the child—rich, strong, true, rang out the words, 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Hark! How the angels sing, Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your King!' With a perfect abandonment to the mere sense of an outpouring of self, she sang the words again and again, the rich full tones filling the little shop with echoing melody.

'That's it,' she said, simply, as she finished.

'I don't know that song, at all,' answered Jim. He reached for his pipe, and deliberately filled it from the package of tobacco he drew from his pocket; then he picked from the floor a burnt match, and opened the tiny stove door that he might light it again at the hot coals; he puffed at his pipe in silence for a few minutes, and then he remarked, carelessly, 'You sung that song well—that you did!'

'Sung it well!' she echoed it scornfully. 'You ought to have heard that lady sing it—like a bird!'

'Mebbe she did—mebbe she did.' Jim looked at his pipe meditatively. 'But you sung it like a Saint!'

'Wish I was a saint! Wish I was any old thing as long as I was dead and away from here! I hate it here—I hate, hate, hate it!' The Saint had jumped to her feet, her body trembling with the feeling which she usually hid, but to which her outburst of music had unlocked the clasp; she shook her hair back unconsciously and the bruise, now colored a sullen purple, stood forth distinctly. Puddin', awakened from his slumbers, sat up sleepily, and asked, 'What's the matter, Celie?'

She crowded back the tears that had begun to gather in her eyes, and said cheerily, 'Oh, nothing! I was only playin' off! Come on, Puddin', it's gettin' late!' and without so much as a 'Good-night,' she hurried out into the Court.

Jim sat still for a while by the little stove, and but for his puffing at his pipe, might have been asleep; then, when the smoke was ended, he knocked out the ashes from the bowl, and rose to lock the door of the shop. He peered for a moment across the Court, which bore its new carpet of white as proudly as if it would not again be miserably dirty on the morrow, and, letting his glance fall on No. 20, he said, half aloud, as he turned around, 'You poor little thing! You might be playin' off for Puddin', but you can't fool Jim, that way! I seen too much of life not to know play actin' from real actin'!'

IV.

THE ACCIDENT TO PUDDIN'.

Jim missed the Saint all next day; usually she ran in several times, and to-day when she did not come, he found that something cheery was missing. He dropped his work at noon-time, when the noise in the courtyard told him that the youngsters were coming home from school, and watched for Puddin'. Even he failed him. After school in the afternoon, he casually walked over to the pump to see if Puddin' were not amongst the boys there. He seemed the only one missing. Mickey Daly was there, blowing into his red hands alternately to warm them, and fervently hoping that Jim was looking for some one to run an errand—an errand would probably mean a cent—a cent would certainly mean something to eat. Prompted by the cheering possibility, he remarked to Jim, 'Is it me you're lookin' fur? If it is, I'm here!'

'So I see!' Jim answered cordially. 'But I'm looking for Puddin'.'

Mickey's face fell. 'If it's an errand you want done, Puddin' won't be doin' it. He's fell downstairs.'

'And is that why I haven't seen him all the day? I've been wondering where the little fellow was! Did he hurt himself bad.'

Mickey shook his head. 'Aw, he's too fat to hurt himself fallin! Sure, nobody gets hurt bad fallin' down-stairs.'

Jim was half-satisfied, and went back into the little shop, and lit the lamp. He whistled cheerily as he spread a big slice of bread for himself, and made a sandwich of it, with a piece of cheese between. He had given up tea for supper several days before; work was slack, and tea was a high-priced luxury. Jim always whistled cheerlest when he had to drown some feeling or lack or disappointment. He was still whistling when he sat down on his bench to finish putting a great patch on a shoe far too small to be in proportion to the patch, and was hammering busily, when the door opened and let in a gust of wind, and the Saint, whose hair, uncovered, was blowing about her head. Jim moved along on the bench, and made room for her near the stove; she sat down with a weary air quite unlike the valiant Cecilia, and leaned her head on her hand. The old shawl she had wrapped around her shoulders fell back, and her calico waist, buttoned awry, stood open at the throat. Jim noticed how thin it was, and that he could almost count its rapid pulsings in the faint light. She cleared her throat once or twice to speak, and then said huskily, 'Puddin's sick.'

'Sick, is he?' Jim tried to make his voice show little concern. 'Sure that's nothing, he'll be all right in a day or two.'

'He fell down-stairs, last night, when we came home from here, in the dark. He ain't hardly stopped cryin' since.' Her voice sounded as if she had hard work to keep from crying too.

Jim put forth a kindly hand of sympathy. 'Now, I wouldn't mind! Don't all children go tumbling down-stairs often! Does he say where it hurts him?'

''Twas his head achin' him all the night, and now all the day it's his back. He won't let me lay the weight of my finger on him for the pain. My mother says that rubbing would help it—but he won't let me touch him.'

'You might rub it with liniment,' suggested Jim, slowly, as if he were pondering over the prescription.

'Would that be good?' she asked eagerly. Then she turned her back on him, and

buried her head in her arms, and with something like a sob, she said bitterly, 'What if it is good! We ain't got no liniment—and we ain't got no money, neither!'

'And if you ain't got no liniment—I know where there's liniment to be got! You watch the shop till I come back!' Clapping on his head the straw hat that hung back of the door, and turning up the collar of his coat, he went out into the Court. There was a drug store a few blocks away, a very small one, to be sure! but if its space was small, and its furnishings not quite so fine as those of some stores farther away, its prices, too, were none in accordance with surroundings. Ten cents worth of liniment does not fill a very large phial, but the clerk threw in a pleasant 'good-night,' and the wish that the liniment would do its work. Jim explained what it was for, and the clerk's face grew grave at once. 'A fall that hurts the back is a nasty one! Ought to call in a doctor!'

Jim looked the young man full in the face, and smiled bitterly. 'Your liniment costs ten cents, and ten cents is a good deal to some folks. Doctors cost many ten-cent pieces.'

He was a kindly young fellow—that clerk! And he knew a good deal of the life that lay about him there near the Court. So he said, 'I tell you what—if the liniment don't help, come in and tell me, and I'll see that a doctor goes down. He gets paid by the city for just such calls, and he's a friend of mine.'

'Maybe I'll be glad to call on you,' was Jim's good-night, and the clerk caught a grateful glance from the deep set eyes.

When he entered the little shop, the Saint sat as he had left her, with her arms crossed upon her knees, and her head resting upon them. She got up when he came in, and Jim saw what he had never seen before, great tear-drops rolling down her cheeks, and her eyes red and swollen. Her voice shook with sobs as she took the bottle he held out to her. 'I hate to take it, Jim—I wouldn't if it wasn't for Puddin'. I can't say thanks, but I'll work to pay you off,' and without listening to Jim's answer, she went out. She didn't even know, and Jim was very glad that she didn't, that the ten cents that had gone for liniment, was to have bought his breakfast the next day.

V.

JIM'S VISIT TO THE SAINT'S HOME.

All the next morning, Jim now and then looked out of the window to see if the Saint might be in the Court; he lingered over the shoe he was mending; it was the only piece of work he had to do, and very likely he would not receive any pay for that. It was rarely that Jim had plenty of work—the last few weeks had been the worst he had ever known; for the first time in a very long while, he had eaten no breakfast, and while he was not particularly hungry, the idea that he hadn't a cent lay heavily on his mind. He knew that if he walked up town a way there was a fashionable maker of boots who would probably give him work for the day; he was a good workman, and had no difficulty usually in finding work in a shop. But it irritated him to work under a master—it irritated him to feel the fashionable life of the city passing by; the life of the Court was the life that he could understand, the life of which he felt an integral part.

(To be continued.)

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britian and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Offerings Great and Small.

'I am but a penny
From a baby's hands;
Can I bear glad tidings
Over many lands?
Baby's love goes with me,
So her penny's blest;
God's love joined with Baby's,
Will do all the rest.'

'I'm a piece of silver,
Worth ten cents, they say;
Oh! that boy worked for me,
Giving up his play,
Digging in the garden,
Though he longed to run
Where his young companions
Joined in joyous fun.'

'I'm a silver "quarter";
Little stitches neat,
An' full many an errand
Run by childish feet,
Earned me very bravely,
Little girls can do
Noble work for missions
When they're good and true.'

'I'm a bright gold dollar;
Ah! the child who died
Loved me 'mid her treasures
More than all beside.
One sad, mourning mother
Held me very dear,
And my bright face glistens
With her parting tear.'

'Surely God will bless us—
Some a little "all"—
As into the treasury
Of the Lord we fall
Dropping, dropping, dropping,
Offerings great and small,
Dropping, dropping, dropping,
Hear us as we fall!'

—Selected.

What Jeanette Missed.

'No, I didn't take Jeanette with me when I went to England last summer,' said Jeanette's aunt, Miss Graham, talking to a friend.

'Such was my intention until after her visit to me in Washington during the winter. I found her one of those unpleasant persons who think it looks countrified to show surprise or pleasure at new things. When I took her to the Corcoran art gallery she merely said that the collection was finer in the Metropolitan Museum. The library of Congress had too much gilt in the mural decorations and the Capitol was not so imposing in its appearance as it ought to be, according to her ideas.

'At the churches the music was not so fine as that she had heard in a small inland city church near her village home, which some minister who had travelled much said was the finest he had ever listened to, either in Europe or America. She thought Washington so different from New York. It certainly is, but there is no comparison between the two cities, as I tried to point out to her one day.

'In addition to her disparaging criticisms, I was obliged to listen to her gossip of the small village where she lived until I was tired and bored. Her family, her friends, her neighbors, and herself were assumed to be of as supreme importance to the world at large as they were to Jeanette. She would wait with impatience for me to finish some remark and answer with something quite irrelevant concerning her own affairs. Before she went home I said to her, frankly:

'"My child, you're in a fair way to become a very disagreeable woman. Don't you know it is only polite when people take the trouble to show you about a new or strange place, to try to see only what is attractive? You will not be accused of provincialism for simple appreciativeness. I advise you to cultivate the quality of being appreciative. And you should try and interest yourself in general matters when you are with strangers, at least. While, by virtue of our kinship, I am interested in all that concerns you, I grow weary of hearing you harp continually on one string—yourself and your own affairs. You ought to learn to talk about books and current events; to listen more to the conversation of your elders."

'Jeanette cried and went home feeling hurt and resentful, not dreaming what she had missed when I went to England without her. I'm sorry for her. If she doesn't reform she is bound to become a soured, disappointed woman, and that bad habit of criticism and comparison will spoil her enjoyment of any pleasures that come her way. Don't you agree with me?'—S. A. Rice, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

The Doctor's Saddle Bags.

Dr. Tenney was used to being called up at all hours of the night, but when his telephone bell rang fiercely at one o'clock a.m., of a balmy night in June, he sprang out of his bed with a distinct impression that something uncommon was in the wind. Hastily throwing his dressing-gown about him, and thrusting his bare feet into slippers, he ran to the telephone.

'Hello!'

'Hello! Is that you doctor?'

'Yes; what's the matter?'

'The Bridport Bank is a-fire! We can't save it. Come right over.'

'All right,' cried the doctor. 'I'll come.' He hung the receiver in its fork with a trembling hand, and hastened to dress himself. Midway in this operation he stuck his head out of his chamber window and called loudly:

'Jonas!'

The doctor's 'man' had evidently been disturbed by the continuous ringing of the telephone bell, and was already stirring, for he came immediately out on the back porch, in overalls and suspenders, and answered:

'Hitch the brown mare to the buggy, quick—no! hold on! You may put the saddle on her—with the saddle-bags, Jonas. I may need them.'

By the time the doctor was dressed and at the door, Jonas had brought the brown mare to the block, saddled and bridled. The saddle-bags looked oddly now, even to the doctor, yet they had been a familiar sight to him in the days before he could afford harness and carriage, when he used to make all his trips on horseback, with his medicines and instruments in the saddle-bags. By hard work and wise investments of his earnings, the doctor had become a rich man for that section of the country. He was president of the bank in the neighboring town of Bridport, and his financial interests, investments, etc., were nearly all connected with that institution. Dr. Tenney and the Bridport Bank had come to be considered almost synonymous terms. The man stood for the institution, and buttressed it by his sterling character and financial soundness, and the institution stood for the man, in the sense of being a fit expression of his steadfastness, reliability and success.

It is easy to see, therefore, why the doctor's heart sank within him, as he saw the summer sky over the woods to the southward all lit up by the blaze of the burning bank. There was no fire apparatus or fire-fighting organization in the little town of Bridport, or in any of the villages around it. If a building caught fire there in the country that was the end of it. People expected nothing else. The best that could be done was to save adjacent buildings by keeping them wet down. Dr. Tenney realized as he sprang into the saddle, and rode away at a gallop toward the glare in the sky, that the bank building in Bridport was doomed. How much greater the disaster might prove to be, he could not say.

Half way to Bridport, in the woods beyond the big barns of the Dolan Brothers, breeders and handlers of trotting horses, the doctor heard the clatter of hoofs behind him. The pursuing horse was evidently a better one than even his pedigreed brown mare, for the sound of the hoofs grew rapidly nearer, and presently a big bay horse forged alongside with a small boy on his back.

'That you, Lonnie Dolan?' asked the doctor, peering through the darkness.

'Yes, sir, it's me,' answered the boy. 'I saw the blaze, and heard you go by. Where's the fire?'

'The Bridport Bank,' answered the doctor, gloomily.

'Oh, dear, I'm sorry!' cried Lonnie. The boy worshipped Dr. Tenney, who had brought him through a wasting sickness not long before, and saved the lad from the bad ways into which he was falling, through evil associations and companions. Lonnie had been a different boy since he came under the doctor's influence. It is a pretty hard moral test for a boy to be connected by ties which he cannot break, with a horse-racing establishment. But Lonnie had done his best. He had faithfully followed the doctor's advice, and was now as straight and honorable a boy as you could find thereabouts, in spite of trying association. The doctor was proud of the lad's moral struggle, and did not scruple to let him see it. It is always a satisfaction to an upright, God-fearing man, to know that his life and words are permanently influencing one who in a few years will be a man among men.

'I am glad you are going over, Lonnie,' said the doctor, as man and boy galloped side by side. 'Perhaps you can be of some help to me.'

'I hope so, doctor,' said the boy earnestly. By the time they had reached Bridport the upper story of the bank was quite consumed, and the rafters were falling in. Dr. Tenney handed the bridle of his horse to Lonnie, and made his way through the crowd to the open door of the little bank. The lower story, being of stone, had not yet yielded to the flames. In the doorway, in spite of the intense heat, stood a little group of bank directors and officials. They greeted the president with a quick, silent hand-pressure.

'How about the bills and papers?' asked Dr. Tenney breathlessly.

'Safe,' replied the cashier, tapping the stout valise in his hand. 'We left the specie in the vault. It was too heavy to remove, of course, in the time we had. The heat may melt some of it, but it can be recoined.'

'I wish we had put in that compressed steel vault we were talking of this spring,' sighed the president. 'But I'm thankful you have removed the perishable paper, Mr. Lane. How much in bills?'

'Eighty thousand,' replied the cashier.

'Ah!' Dr. Tenney looked troubled. 'Anybody see you do it?'

'I don't know. They might, I suppose, through the windows. The whole inside of the bank was as light as day. We think the fire was incendiary. If so, some of the gang were undoubtedly on the watch to see what we would do. They may be watching now.'

'Wait where you are, just a minute—unless the fire drives you out,' said the doctor. He made his way through the crowd, and he found Lonnie standing on the opposite side of the street, with the bridles of both snorting horses in his hand.

'Lonnie,' said the doctor, in a low voice, 'you can help me very much, if you are willing. I am going to take my saddle-bags, fill them with money, and ride away. I want you to follow, keeping me in sight on the road we came. At the pine grove you are to overtake me, and I will change saddles with you. Then I will ride ahead again. If you see any men trying to stop me, don't interfere, draw rein and wait until you hear me talking to them. Then dash by, at the top of your speed, and carry the saddle bags to my house. Give them to my wife, and tell her to put them in the safe. Do you understand perfectly?'

'Yes, sir,' whispered Lonnie, with tremulous eagerness.

Meanwhile Dr. Tenney had been unstrapping the saddle-bags. He carried them, without any attempt at concealment to the door of the burning bank; and in a few moments the contents were transferred to them. 'You live in an unprotected house at a distance from others, Mr. Lane,' said Dr. Tenney to the cashier. 'You have no safe. I have a safe, live in the heart of the village, own a small arsenal of fire-arms, and have two men about the premises who can handle a gun as well as I can or better. This money will have to be transferred to the County Bank. In the meanwhile I will be responsible for it.'

Dr. Tenney carried the plump saddle-bags to his horse and strapped them on. There was not a person in the crowd who did not see him do it. But when he rode away his long cloak, flowing from his shoulders over the back of the saddle, concealed everything. He rode at a leisurely pace toward his home; and in a few minutes Lonnie Dolan climbed on his horse's back and followed the doctor.

The change of saddles was made as quickly as possible, considering the necessary lengthening of the girth for the big bay horse, Lonnie's saddle having no rings for attaching the saddle-bags. Then Dr. Tenney rode forward again, his long cloak flowing back over his horse's haunches as before. Lonnie followed, just out of sight in the gloom.

At the edge of the big woods, some flitting shadows resolved themselves into men, moving out from the bushes into the road. Lonnie Dolan heard plainly in the intense silence, the click of cocking revolvers. Then he heard the doctor's voice, speaking clearly and firmly: 'I, I see you have trapped me, gentlemen! If you will step this way and lift my cloak—'

Then came the thunder and the whirlwind of the big bay horse, as Lonnie went by, in jockey fashion, lying low on the neck of his powerful steed. It was like an earthquake shock—over before one ceases to wonder what it is. One of the gang was sent whirling like a great top, having been struck on the shoulder as the big bay horse tore by. The others were so surprised and confused that they never lifted a hand or fired a shot.

'There, gentlemen,' said Dr. Tenney, coolly, as the hoof-beats of Lonnie's horse died away in the woods, 'There go my saddle-bags! I am sorry not to be able to accommodate you with them. But I will loan you my horse if you think you can overtake them.'

Half an hour later the saddle-bags, with their precious contents, were in the doctor's safe. The bank burners, and robbers, finding themselves outwitted, let the doctor proceed on his way. Lonnie and he met just outside the village.

'Are you all right, doctor?' asked the boy, after he had reported his own success. 'Didn't they do a thing to you?'

'No,' laughed the doctor, 'not a thing! But I did something to them—or one of them, at any rate. I set the shoulder-blade of the fellow you struck when you came down on them like an avalanche.'—The 'Presbyterian.'

One Girl's Influence.

A Boston lawyer, who has for forty years been eminent in his profession and no less eminent in Christian work and in pricely gifts to the cause of benevolence, tells this story of what fixed his course in life:

When he was a young man he once attended a missionary meeting in Boston. One of the speakers at that meeting, a plain man, said he had a girl in his domestic service, at a wage of less than two dollars a week, who gave a dollar every month to missions; she also had a class of poor boys in Sunday school who never missed her from her place. And he said of her, 'She is the happiest, kindest, tidiest girl I ever had in my kitchen.

The young man went home with these three broken sentences sticking in his mind: 'Class in Sunday school—dollar a month to missions—happiest girl.'

The first result was that he took a class in Sunday school; the second was a resolve that if this girl could give a dollar a month to missions, he could, and would. These were the immediate effects of one plain girl's consecrated life.

But who can count, who can imagine, the sum total? That lawyer was, for almost half a century from this time, an increasingly active force in every good work within his reach.—'Forward.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Advice to a Reckless Youth.

What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practice how to thrive;
That would I have you do; and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humors you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself,
In flashing bravery; lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it;
And you be left like an unsavory snuff,
Whose property is only to offend,
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat,
But moderate your expenses now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still;
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrowed thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours;
Except you make or hold it.

—Ben Jonson.

A Happy Family.

In Africa is a family who certainly must be very fond of animals. They have as pets a wild cat, an ape, an English terrior, a black-and-tan with four little puppies, and a lion cub, in addition to goats, sheep, hens and chickens, and ducks. All these queer pets live together most amicably, each having the food which it best likes; and, strangest of all, these animals have a cook whose business it is to prepare the food the way each of the pets likes it. The lion cub's name is Moto. The lion cub was so beautiful that his owner was offered a large price for it, and when it was five months old he started for the train, fifteen miles away. The whole journey was made in a bullock-cart. All the family cried when Moto left, and the other pets were quite dull and lonesome for several days. After a journey of one hundred and sixty miles by train to the coast, which the owner of the cub made with him, the cub's picture was taken, in order that the family might not forget entirely how Moto looked, and then he was put aboard the vessel for England.—'S. S. Times.'

What Owest Thou?

(By Maggie Miller.)

We sing, 'The World for Jesus'
We pray, 'Thy Kingdom come.'
We give—oh, such a little mite—
And think our duty's done.

'By fruits ye shall be known,'
The Master said of old.
Prayer is the key; unlock to me
Your silver and your gold.

The Horses Knew the Tune.

A relation of mine, who has spent many years in India, remembers well, how, when living in Lucknow, and enjoying the evening drive with other English residents in the Indian city, the carriage horses would toss their heads and paw the ground impatiently when the first notes of 'God Save the Queen' were played by the military band every evening. It was the last tune played, the signal for dispersion.

A sceptic—or perhaps more than one—having insisted that the horses only knew the tune because it was always played last and they were able to calculate time, the experiment was tried of playing 'God Save the Queen' in the middle instead of at the end of the evening. Instantly there was the same excitement in the horses standing round 'the course,' the same impatient tossing of the head and prancing of the feet, the same general stampede, and eagerness to start homeward.

The Star Island Picnic.

The kitchen was the busiest place in the house. Nora was making sandwiches; Aunt Helen was packing up paper plates and napkins; mamma was seasoning 'stuffed' eggs.

'Amy,' she called, suddenly, 'you must run to the store and get me some more eggs! I haven't as many as I thought. Remember, we must be at the dock in thirty-five minutes.'

Amy dropped the cake-tin she had been scraping. 'Yes'm!' she beamed,

'How willing the dear child is!' thought Aunt Ellen, as Amy ran off, all smiles. 'I wish Bess liked to do errands.'

In just seven minutes by the kitchen clock a breathless little girl was back from the corner grocery. Tightly clasped in one hand she held by their long sticks a pair of the fascinating dainties known as 'all-day candy-balls.'

'See, mamma!' she cried. 'I had six sticks to carry back, and Mr. Summers gave me a new candy-ball for 'em, and I had a penny besides, and so here's one for Bess, too, and they'll last us all the time going down on the boat!'

'Well, let me have the eggs,' said mamma, reaching for the basket.

Amy's face changed from triumph to despair. 'Mamma,' she groaned, 'I forgot—oh, I never thought—I'll go back!'

'Amy Reynolds, do you mean to say all you remembered was that silly sweet stuff?' cried mamma; but Amy was already out of the gate.

'She's been counting on this picnic to Star Island all summer, and she'll be nearly broken-hearted if we miss the boat, but I declare, it wouldn't be such a bad thing if it only cured her dreadful heedlessness!' mamma mourned to Aunt Helen.

'Well, we'll go right along getting ready. It's stopped raining, and maybe we'll get there yet,' encouraged aunty, finding it impossible not to smile at the memory of Amy's look of utter consternation when she peered into the empty basket.

Good Night and Good Morning
A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "dear work, good night! good night!"
Such a number of rooks flew over her head,
Crying "caw, caw," on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night! good night!"
The horses neighed, the oxen lowed,
The sheeps "bleat, bleat" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night! good night!"

Into the store again the little girl rushed like a whirlwind. 'O, Mr. Summers, please, I want eggs, too, half a dozen!' she panted; but Mr. Summers was tying up a parcel of sugar for Mrs. Crouse.

'Anything else, ma'am?' he asked, folding down the ends of the bag as neatly and tying the red-and-white twine as deliberately as if there was no boat going to start for Star Island at half past nine.

'Oh, please, won't you get them for me!' pleaded Amy, with tears in her eyes, turning to Peter, the grocer's boy. 'I forgot, and we're going to have a picnic, and it's most time to start!'

'Sorry, but I can't stop a minute. Got to go right out with this waggon!' called back Peter, as he shouldered a sack of flour. 'Mr. Summers will wait on you in a minute.'

Amy's little face looked fairly thin from anxiety as she flew home at last with the six eggs. Suppose there should be a blockade on the car-track? Suppose they should be just one car too late, and papa would be standing at the landing, and say, 'No use to hurry now; our boat's gone!' Suppose they could not have the picnic, and Aunt Helen and Bess would go home without ever seeing Star Island, and it would be her fault!

All the way down-town Amy sat on the very edge of the seat, shivering with anxiety, longing to jump out and run every time the car stopped. When finally they got off, and papa grasped all the baskets and bundles he could carry, and led them on the run down to the dock and across the gangplank just as the whistle gave a last warning toot and the paddles began to splash in the water, the little girl sank into the nearest deck chair in a miserable huddle, and burst into a passion of tears.

'Don't feel badly any more! We did make it, after all,' mamma

She did not say to the sun, good night!
Though she saw him there like a ball of light,
For she knew he had God's own time to keep
All over the world, and never can sleep.
The tall pink foxglove bowed its head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her favourite prayer.
And as on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work has begun."

soothed her; but not even her comforting, or a sympathetic hug from Aunt Helen, or papa's jokes about the weather, or Bessie's coaxing—no, not even the contemplation of the two luscious lumps of waxy brown candy that had been secured at such cost, could bring the smiles back into the little girl's face. They were quite half-way to Star Island before she brightened up enough to take an interest in the great shiny engine lifting first one huge arm and then the other in its snug glass house midway of the cabin.

'The lesson has been quite hard enough,' said aunty after a long look at the subdued little face.

And to this day the memory of the picnic that came so near never happening makes Amy Reynolds remember her valuable lesson and helps her to be careful to put business before pleasure.—'Youth's Companion.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Willow Wigwam.

Chow-Chow was an Indian brave from Arizona. He was made of clay, stood 6 inches high in his bare feet, and was dressed in red paint and blue calico. Co-Co, his squaw, was dressed in red calico and blue beads.

All winter the two Arizona Indians had lived in Bertha's doll-house, but they had not been happy there. They did not like to eat with forks, they tumbled out of the rocking chairs, and they were afraid to climb the staircase. Beside, it is said that Lady Gay, the china mistress of the doll-house, snubbed Co-Co and called her a savage.

When Spring came, Bertha said to Co-Co: 'You have been very good and gentle all winter. I will build you a wigwam and you shall camp out all summer!'

One day when the sun had come out bright and warm after a rain storm, Bertha began the wigwam, in the garden, near a fence. She drew a circle on the ground, and on this line she thrust tender young willow switches into the soft, moist earth, leaving a space for a door. She tied the switches together at the top, to form the roof.

During the warm rainy spring days that followed, the willow twigs took root, and sent out little green shoots. Bertha wove these in and out as they grew longer, and thus made a lovely green wigwam.

And Bertha laughed and said to her mother, 'It is the month of May, you know, and I am keeping Arbor Day for Chow-Chow and Co-Co!'

At the door of the wigwam Bertha placed a small wooden bench, inside she put a bed of leaves, and at a little distance outside she built a fireplace of pebbles.

Chow-Chow and Co-Co were delighted with their new home. Chow-Chow spent almost every pleasant day on the bench outside the door, and Co-Co cooked his meals in a tiny kettle hung on a crotched stick over the fire in the pebble fireplace.

When Lady Gay came to call on them she was so impressed by the beautiful greenness of their wigwam that she apologized for calling Co-Co a savage, and said she would come to spend the day with them often, and then she invited Chow-Chow and Co-Co to come back to the doll house for the winter.

And always after that they lived happily together spending the winters at the doll house and the summers at the willow wigwam.—'Little Folks Magazine.'

The Way Of The World.

Good stories always are too short,
The dull ones are too long;
Nice people always go too soon;
There must be something wrong

I'd like to find a story book,
The best I've ever read,
Which would go on forever 'n ever,
At least till I was dead.

My porridge bowl is much too big,
The pie plate is too small;
The fattest cherries hang too high;
It isn't right at all.

I wish the cook would bake a pie
As big as that full moon,
And then a little one besides
To eat to-morrow noon.

Florence Wilkinson, in 'Kings and Queens.

Correspondence

F., Que.

Dear Editor,—I notice in the 'Messenger' of the 6th a riddle sent in by A. Vida Bentley, the answer to which I think is fire. I take much pleasure in reading the Correspondence page of the 'Messenger.' Some of the letters are fine, and so are the drawings. I am sending an enigma. I am one of a large family, and though crooked from my birth I am able to perform the tasks given to me as well as any of my brethren. I am of more importance than any of my family, for although without me they can perform their duty yet they cannot add strength or soundness to any of it. I am useful to others also from the senator to the schoolboy, and though I am sometimes avoided by little children, yet when they grow up they will take me as an assistant in all their pleasures. You can always employ me for the completion of your own happiness, but you can make your friend happy without me. I take a treble interest in all your losses, and am always ready to assist you, but I am never in debt, nor will I help any who are, and without my aid the sweetest music could not sound.

A. W.

Q., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little school girl, and I go to Sunday school every Sunday, and get the 'Messenger.' I love to read the correspondence page. I have read several books, some of them are, 'Humph and All,' 'Little Orange Sellers,' 'Hilda,' and 'A Hero's Son.' I am taking music lessons, and I like it very much. We have a nice Sunday school, and I like our teachers and superintendent. I can answer one of the conundrums I saw in Sunday's 'Messenger.' If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, how many would you get for 11 pence. Ans.—You would get eleven.

M. E. MAC.

S., Que.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of your paper for two or three years. We get it at the Methodist Sunday school. I have one brother and one sister living. I am the eldest. I will not be fourteen until the 13th of next June. We have made quite a lot of sugar and syrup. We live on a farm of over 250 acres, but are talking of going west as soon as Papa can sell the farm. I go to school, and am in the fifth grade. We all like the teacher very much. Have we not had a queer winter? There was a snow storm the night before last, and it has not all gone away yet. I have read quite a number of books, among them were the 'Pansy,' 'Daisy,' and 'Elsie' books, and a great many more. We live seven miles from the nearest station, but it is only four miles to the post office. My sister's name is Olive, and my brother's Melville. Here are also a few conundrums:—

1. When may a man be considered to be over head and ears in debt?

2. What ship has two mates, but no captain?

3. Which key is the hardest to turn?

DELLA HODGE (age 13).

C., Alb.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for over six years, and could not do without it.

We live on a farm which borders on the Petitcodiac River, about nine miles from the city of Moncton. This river is noted for the rising and falling of the water, called the tide. When the tide is coming in it forms a wall of water several feet in height, called the bore, which comes rushing up the river at a rapid rate twice in 24 hours. It is a great curiosity to those who have never seen it.

I go to school, and am in the third book. We live about two miles from the schoolhouse. When the roads are bad or it is stormy we always drive.

Last fall I went on a trip to Boston with my papa and mamma to see my cousin. We went from St. John by boat, and had a lovely trip. The weather was very fine, and we were not seasick. We left St. John Saturday night about nine o'clock, and got to Boston Sunday afternoon about four o'clock. My uncle and cousin met us at the wharf. My cousin and I had never seen each other before, but we soon got acquainted. We only stayed a week. I would have liked to have stayed longer, but could not. I saw a great many things that interested me very much while I was there. I thought it was great fun to ride in the street cars.

ELLA M, GASKIN.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Lilies.' Helen Gertrude Wilmot (13), C., N.B.
2. 'Church.' Amy D. Rumball (13), M., Man.
3. 'Pretty Polly.' Jessie Robb (1), K.
4. 'Bengal tiger.' Lorne Moore (1), B.M., Ont.
5. 'My favorite rider.' Willie Rorison, L., W.
6. 'Racing.' A. A. McI (12).
7. 'Horse.' Ralph Panghorn (6), C., U.S.A.
8. 'House.' Clare Byers, F., Ont.
9. 'Climbing the mountain.' Bessie M. Slipp, J., N.B.
10. 'MacDonald Consolidated school.' C., L., W.
11. 'Ox.' Arthur Rice, O., Ont.

K., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Seeing my first letter printed, I thought I would send another one. I like to read the letters the other correspondents' send, especially those that contain conundrums.

Spring has set in, and for a while we had a few nice days, but for the past week we have had one rainy day and two windy ones.

There is no school now, as our teacher took sick, and had to leave, so I study a little at home.

My brother who was out in Saskatoon has returned home, as he did not like the place.

May-flowers are out, and I have been maybowering twice, getting quite a lot each time.

I will close with a conundrum: A man going to London, he rode and yet he walked?

E. M. L.

A.C., P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger,' and I think it is a very interesting paper. I am going to make a book of all the papers that come. I have not seen many letters from P. E. I. lately. My mother is teaching music, and I live with my uncle on a large farm. I was 13 years old on the 23rd day of April. I go to school and study Sixth Book, grammar, Latin, algebra, history, geography, French, geometry and arithmetic. We are having a public examination the last of April. We have a fine view of Northumberland Strait from here. I like reading, and have read quite a number of books. Our pets are two cats and one dog. The word 'and' occurs 46,227 times in the Bible.

JEAN McFADYEN.

L., N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have only written one letter to the 'Northern Messenger,' I thought I would write another. I enjoy reading the Correspondence page. I like the stories in the 'Messenger' very much.

I will try and answer some of the riddles.

How many words are there in the Bible? Answer: 3,586,489.

What grows in winter with the root upward and dies away in summer? Ans. An icicle.

Why are A, E and U the handsomest of the vowels? Ans. Because they are in beauty.

What is big at the bottom, little at the top, thing in the middle goes wibetywop? Ans. A churn.

If it will not make my letter too long I will send some myself.

1. What goes when a waggon goes, stops when a waggon stops, no good to a waggon, but the waggon cannot go without it?

2. What is that the more you cut off the end the longer it grows?

3. Where does the word chickens occur in the Bible?

4. What four verses of what Psalm are alike?

GLADYS ELIZABETH GILROY.

L., Iowa, U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—I am five feet tall, with blue eyes and black hair, and am 13 years old. I will answer Joseph W. T.'s question: What Psalm in the Bible has only two verses? It is Psalm cxvii. I will also send a question. What is the longest chapter in the Bible?

H. M. J.

M. G., N. S.

Dear Editor,—I wrote you before I lived near a lake. The logs that were chopped down in the woods last winter are now coming down the lake. I am a great book-worm, and read a lot of books.

I am sending you a question, which I hope some one will answer: What is the shortest verse in the Bible, and where is it found?

MARGUERITE HAY.

S. P., Bohemia.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like to read your fine paper, especially the Correspondence. My father is a missionary in Austria. I was glad to see my father's work mentioned in the 'Northern Messenger' lately. I attend a German school, and am in the fifth class. I have read many stories.

HILDA CLARK (aged 11).

LESSON I.—July 1, 1906.

Jesus and the Children.

Matt. xviii., 1-14.

Golden Text.

It is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish.—Matt. xviii., 14.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 25.—Matt. xviii., 1-14.

Tuesday, June 26.—Luke ix., 46-50.

Wednesday, June 27.—Matt. xxiii., 1-12.

Thursday, June 28.—James iv., 1-17.

Friday, June 29.—Phil. ii., 1-11.

Saturday, June 30.—Col. iii., 12-21.

(Davis W. Clark).

The training of the Twelve made large drafts upon the endurance and tact of the Master. Their racial and hereditary misconception of His kingdom was the most difficult of eradication. He had just unveiled to them his 'Via Dolorosa'; but, explicit though he had been, it seemed all to no purpose. They saw only a flower-strewn path to a glittering throne. And they wanted it quickly decided how they should stand relatively to each other and to that throne.

Before we are harsh with the disciples for their tardy approach to the true ideal of the kingdom, let it be remembered, they drank in their wrong notions with their mothers' milk. Even Jesus could not easily train out of them ideas which had been trained into them for thirty years and more, and those the most impressible years of a human life. They were ideas, too, that were peculiarly consonant with their natural tastes and ambitions.

The Searcher of Hearts knew very well the subject of the unseemly controversy in which His disciples had engaged on the way to Capernaum. They had, perhaps, separted from him on purpose 'to have it out' among themselves—not yet having learned how naked and open all things were to Him with whom they had to do.

It was the master-stroke of the Master-teacher, the placing of the child in the midst of His self-seeking disciples. The instant obedience the child rendered when called; the docility with which he stood where Jesus placed him; and, in the end, the swiftness with which he ran to receive and return the Saviour's embrace, and all with a self-oblivion to which the question, 'What shall I have for this?' never so much as occurred,—there, as in a simple living tableau, the characteristics of the approved disciple stood forth, a snowy cameo on an inky agate.

And from the acted parable, as was His wont, the Saviour passed to earnest, practical discourse, in which the principles of His kingdom were still further developed and applied. The conspicuous position to be accorded to childhood in the Church is distinctly enunciated. If those like children are eligible to membership, then children themselves are already included. Jesus is childhood's Defender. He puts Himself in the child's place. What you do of good or ill to the child, you do to Him. The immediate surrender of the dearest earthly ambitions inimical to the spirit of the heavenly kingdom is insisted upon in language of unsurpassed vigor. Better one hand, one foot, one eye, and—heaven, than two hands, two feet, two eyes, and—hell! The vivacious discourse closes aptly with a picture of the Good Shepherd going out with infinite sacrifice, pains, and persistence to seek for one lost sheep.

The lovely tapestry of the homily to the Twelve is shot again and again with the golden thread of the Master's particular love, care, and provision for child-life. 'Not the will of the Father that one of these little ones should perish;' 'Do not despise one of these little ones'; 'Their guardian angels stand nearest the Father;' 'The worst death conceivable would be preferable to the penalty of corrupting a child;' 'Whoever takes a child under loving and helpful care takes the child and—Me.'

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. The Training of the Twelve.
   Jesus' tact and endurance taxed.
   Their misconceptions.
2. Harsh criticism of the Disciples deprecated.
   How wrong ideals were imbibed.
3. Controversy 'which should be first' not unknown to Jesus.
4. Master-stroke of Master-teacher.
   'A child in the midst.'
   Living tableau.
   Obedience, docility, self-oblivion.
   Love exemplified in child.
5. Principles developed and applied.
   Child's position in Church enunciated.
   Already in.
   What is done to child is done to Jesus self, according to His affirmation.
   Jesus' love, care, and provision for child-life.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

It would be out of place to criticize the schoolboy clutching his pen with inky fist or hesitating and blundering from his dog-eared reader. Time may be when from that same hand will come Spencerian calligraphy, or from those lips periods an Everett would not disdain. So chide not the apostles in the bungling, short-sighted notions of their novitiate. The end crowns the work.

* * * *

True, they began with ambitions for self-aggrandizement,—which should be the Secretary of State, and which of Treasury, and all of that; but they ended by giving the world the most sublime examples of self-abnegation of all the ages. Not in vain did the Master set a little child in their midst that day.

* * * *

'I'm sure the Saviour smiled.' Some one said one day that we do not read that our Saviour, when on earth, was ever seen to smile. A little girl heard the remark. 'What,' she said, 'didn't Jesus say to the little children, "Come unto Me?" and they would never have come unless He had smiled!'.

'I'm sure the Saviour smiled,
Or else no little, trembling child
Had dared to venture near;
No darkening frown, no angry word,
Was ever seen or ever heard
While Jesus sojourned here.'

* * * *

The two-Messiah idea prevailed to a considerable extent among the Jews. The Psalms and prophecies obviously pictured a suffering as well as atriumphant Messiah. But it seemed impossible for the Hebrew mind to apprehend that the Sufferer and the Victor were one and the same person; in fact, that the Victor was such through His suffering. The Disciples, in their novitiate, were ready to attach themselves to the victor Messiah, but they wanted none of the sufferer.

* * * *

Unhappily, hierarchical ambition and 'ecclesiastical politics' are not yet extinct. The more is the shame and pity, since two thousand years have passed in which to learn the spirit of the kingdom.

* * * *

The spirit of the little child who was willing to be employed by the Master—that is the animating principle of His kingdom. Not to be ministered unto, but to minister; not triple crown and jewelled crosier, but basin and towel, are badges of highest distinction.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 1.—Topic—Humility, the foundation virtue. Matt. xx., 20-28; I. Pet. v., 5. (Consecration meeting).

Junior C. E. Topic.

SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

Monday, June 25.—Solomon the king. I. Kings i., 43-46.

Tuesday, June 26.—David's advice to Solomon. I. Chron. xxviii., 9.

Wednesday, June 27.—Solomon's burnt offering. I. Kings iii., 3, 4.

Thursday, June 28.—Solomon's prayer. I. Kings iii., 7-9.

Friday, June 29.—God's answer. I. Kings iii., 11-14.

Saturday, June 30.—Solomon's wisdom. Prov. i., 1-10.

Sunday, July 1.—Topic—A young man's choice. I. Kings iii., 5-9; iv., 29-34. (Consecration meeting).

Sixteen Hours' Preparation.

One of the best known Sunday school teachers in America had given with great profit to the listeners, a masterly exposition of the lesson describing Paul's visit to and address at Athens, and concluded his exposition with the remark that it had cost him sixteen hours' study. This master teacher had been laying the foundation for good teaching during many years, and very few teachers have so broad a foundation on which to work as had this teacher, yet, on the day following there were teachers who undertook to present that great lesson to their classes after only a hurried study late on Saturday evening. We need not plead lack of time in preparing our Sunday school lessons, for many of the best Sunday school teachers and workers are the busiest people that there are. While in the very nature of things not every teacher can devote sixteen hours to the special preparation of one lesson, a great many teachers might devote many hours each week to special preparation.—'M. C. Advocate.'

Good Company.

'Did you caution your son about keeping good company?' someone asked of a mother whose only son had gone to a distant city to make his home. 'No,' was the reply, but I talked to him a great deal about keeping in fellowship with God. If he does that he can't be in bad company.' The surest way of getting into good society, as far as men are concerned, is to keep close to Jesus Christ. The Christian is sure of meeting the 'best people' there.—'Endeavor Banner.'

Seed Time and Harvest.

If a teacher studies earnestly and prayerfully, shall he expect and demand an immediate and definite spiritual blessing? Is he to be dissatisfied with himself or with his way of studying if he is not able to taste each day the joy of a conscious elevation of spiritual life? Is he to regard his teaching as a failure if it does not work like results in his pupils? In the realm of the physical, seed-time does not immediately follow harvest, nor does a student of history expect to get a correct knowledge of the laws of human development when he first begins the study of Greece. While the farmer watches with interest the growth of his crop, and the historian knows that the more data he obtains the broader will be his outlook, for either to worry because there were not immediate tangible results, would be to dissipate his very ambitions. So in Bible study often spiritual insight and uplift come immediately upon the reading of a passage. There are times in men's lives when they are conscious of a most rapidly growing Christian experience, but such moments are generally retrospective. Men are convinced that they have grown rather than that they are growing. The kingdom of God is to be established and developed in accordince with natural laws.—'M. C. Advocate.'

Temperance

Don't.

Don't marry a man to reform him;
To God and your own self be true,
Don't link to his vices your virtues,
You'll rue, dear girl, if you do.

No matter how fervent his pleadings,
Be not by his promise led;
If he can't be a man while a-wooing,
He'll never be one when he's wed.

Don't marry a man to reform him—
To repent, alas, when too late;
The mission of wives least successful
Is the making of wooden limbs straight.

There's many a maiden has tried it,
And proved it a failure at last;
Better tread your life's pathway alone, dear,
Than wed with a lover that's fast.

Mankind's much the same the world over;
The exceptions you'll find are but few;
When the rule is defeat and disaster,
The chances are great against you.

Don't trust your bright hopes for the future,
The beautiful crown of your youth,
To the keeping of him who holds lightly
His fair name and honor and truth.

To honor and love you must promise;
Don't pledge what you cannot fulfill;
If he'll have no respect for himself, dear,
Most surely you then never will.

'Tis told us the frown of a woman
Is strong as the blow of a man,
And the world will be better when women
Frown on error as hard as they can.

Make virtue the price of your favor;
Place wrong-doing under a ban;
And let him who would win you and wed you
Prove himself in full measure a man.

—Exchange.

What to Teach About Alcohol.

In connection with a Wesleyan Methodist Convention, held at Newcastle some time ago, Dr. F. C. Coley read an interesting and instructing paper, which was summarized and reported in the 'Methodist Times' as follows:

Alcohol as a Food.

Never teach what you do not know. Do not imagine you know a thing when you have merely heard it. Verify your facts. He pointed out that while it might be admitted that alcohol was a food in a very minute degree, it was a very expensive one. The very cheapest form of alcohol would be much dearer than its theoretical equivalent in food. Practicallly, alcohol in all forms was such an enemy to economy in a poor mans' finances, that he had better sign the pledge without waiting to learn whether it is really a fact that economises in diet so far, that spending half-a-crown in drink might save a penny in food. He said that this question whether alcohol can be used as a substitute for food was much as if we were to propose to use sulphur as a substitute for coal to drive a steam-engine. Burning sulphur would produce heat which might raise steam. But sulphur costs much more than coal, and the steam-engine would be very quickly destroyed by the sulphur, and the fumes of the sulphur would be a nuisance to the neighborhood. The analogy between alcohol as a food and sulphur as a fuel held at all points. It was absolutely indisputable.

After showing that valuable information might be obtained from insurance companies and other societies as to the value of teetotalism, he said it should not be forgotten than for one person who drinks himself to death, there are many whose lives are shortened indirectly by habitual indulgence in alcohol. That total abstinence was economical needs no proof. The difference between even moderate indulgence and total abstinence to the working man was the difference between a comfortable house in a pleasant neighborhood and two rooms in a noisy, dirty tenement-house. Facts like these told better than scraps of science. We should not be too squeamish about recounting the horrible results of indulgence in drink. There are plenty of facts, and fresh every day, and so black that the finest Indian ink of eloquent word-painting laid over them would conceal, rather than deepen, the blackness.

What Drink Has Done.

When anyone was recommended to the First Napoleon as worthy of advancement, he always had just one question to ask, 'What has he done?' If we want to get the question settled beyond the possibility of doubt whether drink is on the side of God or the side of the devil, let us tell men what drink has done, and is still doing; let us go on telling it until they hate and loathe and fear the agent which works such frightful ruin.

A Doctor's Warnings.

We must also teach and enforce that there may be danger in the medicine glass as well as in the social glass. The Doctor gave instances which had come under his notice, of persons who had become the victims to intemperance through taking alcohol as a medicine. He also warned the audience against the abominations advertised as 'medicated wines.' These things were advertised to be used in just those conditions of weariness and worry which most lay people open to temptation to the abuse of narcotic drugs. He also pointed out that cocaine, opium, laudanum, and morphia had many victims. Large numbers also had become moral and physical wrecks through yielding to the fascinations of chlorodyne.

A Public Warning of Public Danger.

The following article from 'The Temperance Leader and League Journal,' indicates an attitude on the question of alcohol that might well be imitated by official bodies in this country:—

In view of the increasing interest taken by Municipalities in England and Scotland in the question of public health as affected by the use of intoxicating liquor, many of the cities and large towns have decided to issue large posters in their respective areas in order to warn the people against the use of alcohol. Several of the London Borough Councils, Liverpool, Leeds Tunbridge Wells in England, Glasgow and Dundee in Scotland, are among the places that have taken such action. The 'Trade' has raised an action in the law courts in order to arrest the spread of the movement. The following is the form of poster issued by the City of Dundee, which is typical of that issued by other Municipalities:—

CITY OF DUNDEE.

PHYSICAL DETERIORATION AND ALCOHOLISM.

The Report of the Committee, presented to Parliament by command of His Majesty, states that—

The abuse of alcoholic stimulants is a most potent and deadly agent of physical deterioration.

Alcoholic persons are specially liable to tuberculosis and all inflammatory disorders.

Evidence was placed before the Committee showing that in abstinence is to be sought the source of muscular vigor and activity.

The Lunacy figures show a large and increasing number of admissions of both sexes which are due to drink.

The following facts recognized by the Medical profession are published in order to carry out the recommendations of the Committee and to bring home to men and women the fatal effects of alcohol on physical efficiency:—

(a). Alcoholism is a chronic poisoning resulting from the habitual abuse of alcohol (whether as spirits, wine, or beer), which may never go as far as drunkenness.

(b). It is a mistake to say that stimulants are necessary for those doing hard work.

(c). Alcohol is really a narcotic, dulling the nerves, like laudanum or opium. Its first effect is to weaken a man's self-control while his passions are excited; hence the number of crimes which occur under its influence.

(d). For persons in ordinary health the practice of drinking even the milder alcoholic drinks apart from meals is most injurious.

(e). The habit of drinking to excess leads to the ruin of families, the neglect of social duties, disgust for work, misery, theft, and crime. It leads also the the hospital, for alcohol produces the most various and the most fatal diseases, including paralysis, insanity, diseases of the stomach and liver and dropsy. It also paves the way to consumption, and frequenters of public houses furnish a large proportion of the victims of this disease. It complicates and aggravates all acute diseases; typhoid fever, pneumonia and erysipelas are much more fatal in the subject of alcoholism.

(f). The sins of parents who have drunk to excess are visited on the children, both morally and physically.

(g). In short, alcoholism is the most terrible enemy to personal health, to family happiness, and to national prosperity.

WILLIAM LONGAIR, Lord Provost.
CHAS. TEMPLEMAN, M.D., D.Sc.,
Medical Officer of Health.
WM. H. BLYTH MARTIN, Town Clerk.

Town House, Dundee, January, 1906.

Glass Number One.

Glass number one, 'only in fun;'
Glass number two, 'other boys do;'
Glass number three, 'it won't hurt me;'
Glass number four, 'only one more!'
Glass number five, 'before a drive;'
Glass number six, brain in a mix;
Glass number seven, stars up in heaven;
Glass number eight, stars in his pate;
Glass number nine, whiskey, not wine;
Glass number ten, drinking again;
Glass number twenty, not yet a plenty.

Drinking with boys, drowning his joys;
Drinking with men, just now and then,
Wasting his life, killing his wife;
Losing respect, manhood all wrecked,
Losing his friends, thus it all ends.

Glass number one, taken in fun;
Ruined his life, brought on strife;
Blighted his youth, ruled his truth;
Gave him pain, stole all his gain;
Made him at last a friendless outcast.

Light-hearted boy, somebody's joy,
Do not begin early in sin;
Grow up a man brave as you can;
Taste not in fun glass number one.

—'Central Baptist.'

How Alcohol Works.

A patient was arguing with the doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant. He urged that he was weak and needed it. Said he:

'But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant. I am cold and it warms me.'

'Precisely,' came the doctor's crusty answer. 'See here. This stick is cold,' taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire. 'Now it is warm, but is the stick benefited?'

The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke and then burst into a flame, and replied:

'Of course not. It is burning itself.'

'And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol—you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain.'

HOUSEHOLD.

What the Chimney Sang.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped, and her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said as her tear drops back she forced,
'I hate the wind in the chimney.'

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the children said as they closer drew,
''Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through,
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney.'

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, 'It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney.'

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
Was man, and woman, and child, all three,
And said, 'It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney.'

—Bret Harte.

Against Worry.

Don't start nervously if a child makes a noise or breaks a dish—keep your worry for broken bones.

Don't sigh too often over servants' shortcomings.

Don't get wildly excited if Bridget has neglected to dust the legs of the hall table; the welfare of neither your family nor the nation is involved.

Don't exhaust all your reserve force over petty cares. Each time that a woman loses control over herself, her nerves, her temper, she loses just a little nervous force, a little physical well being and moves a fraction of an inch farther on in the path that leads to premature old age.

Don't go to bed late at night and rise at daybreak, and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

Don't eat as if you only had a minute in which to finish the meal.

Don't give unnecessary time to a certain established routine of housekeeping, when it could be much more profitably spent in rest or recreation.

Don't always be doing something; have intermittent attacks of idling. To understand how to relax is to understand how to strengthen nerves.—'N. C. Advocate.'

Train Up a Cat.'

The lady who was visiting the family spoke approvingly of the cat. He was large and tawny and had exceptionally good manners, as well as a softly affectionate purr. She said that she supposed he had been taught a good many tricks. The hostess was just explaining that she liked him better without tricks when a crash like shivering china interrupted them. The four-year-old son of the visiting lady, who had scrambled away from his mother and was using the cloissonné teapot as a flatiron on the carpet, had thrown the teapot against the radiator, in a little mood of playfulness, and tiny slivers of it lay strewn upon the floor.

'Oh, I am so sorry,' murmured the mortified mamma, 'I really do not know what to do with Cameron; he grows so headstrong. I shall have to begin to train him soon; but I dread the struggle. One hates to discipline a mere baby—and yet, he is four now, and really, I must do something!'

The cat stepped cautiously over to the wreck on the carpet. He put out his nose, sniffing deliberately, and then he put out a careful paw to examine a fragment. His mistress spoke, in a low and firm tone, gentle, but with the downward inflection of rebuke—

'Sandro!'

The cat drew back, looked up at her, and went quietly away to his cushion.

'How remarkable!' said the visiting lady. 'How long have you had him?'

The hostess looked at the cat, then she glanced, furtively, at the now sulking child.

'He is four months old,' she said, gravely. —'Congregationalist.'

The Secret of Good Cooking.

'There are circumstances in life in which genius for simple reasoning would all but halve the butcher's bill,' says Christine Terhune Herrich, in 'Harper's Bazar.' And then she goes on to enlarge upon the fact, too often forgotten, that if cash is far off and hard to find an equivalent in thought and effort may be made to achieve a similar result.

No one should expect a cheap cut, upon which no more experience has been bestowed than is required by the choicest cut, to present the same satisfactory result to the palate. The deficit in financial outlay must be made up by an increase of pains in cooking, and, above all things, in seasoning.

Here is the prime secret of the excellence of a French cuisine. Where the flavor of the American or English stew is chiefly reminiscent of onions, pepper and hot water, the foreign ragout is animated by the addition of certain herbs in just proportion and enriched by slow and careful cooking, and an almost religious attention to the finer shades of seasoning.

Of this last the Anglo-Saxon chefs are criminally careless. The horizon of most of them is bounded by an onion and a bunch of paraley. In how many of our homes could be found the condiments that make for righteousness in cookery? The French make diligent study of their herbs. They use the clove of garlic with art and discretion, while the American cook so disposes it that it proves a curse to those that give and those that take. The virtue of reticence is nowhere of greater value than in the kitchen. Seasoning without judgment profits as little as the other Christian graces minus charity.

As a counterpart of this remains the race wisdom that knows when a happy result is to be won by swift cookery, and when achieved only by long, slow stewing or braising. Seasoning and simmering—on these two hang the law and the profits of all palatable culinary concoctions.

Intemperate Women.

You and I know scores of worthy women, members of temperance clubs, who attend meetings and draw up resolutions on temperance, who attend conventions and present petitions to congress regarding temperance measures, who talk temperance, and lecture temperance, and who are themselves hopelessly intemperate.

Take the mother with an uncontrollable appetite for a spotless kitchen floor.

That floor must shine. It matters not whether Edward takes his boots off on the porch or stands on a paper at the door and removes them.

That floor must be kept white. It matters not that Margaret is deprived of the privilege of popping corn and making candy.

That floor must be scrubbed every morning. No matter if it does leave mother with an aching back and a throbbing head, no comfort to herself or to her family.

Maybe she will be too sick to sit at the table with husband and children that night, but the floor must be scrubbed. Maybe her husband is in trouble and needs her counsel. She can't be of any help to him, she is too ill—but joy! The kitchen floor is spotless.

Home is spoiled. Husband and children are left to shift for themselves (as long as they won't track the kitchen floor). Isn't that intemperance? Are not the results of the indulgence of an appetite for a spotless floor evil?

Just the other day I was talking with a friend who was half sick, old and weak. She could not see how she could manage to crawl through her fall cleaning. She has money enough to hire it done. She has a husband who is willing to hire it done. I suggested that she get someone to do it for her.

'Have somebody poking around in my things!' she exclaimed. 'Not while I'm alive! When I'm dead and gone——!'

There you are. That woman is intemperate. Everybody around, herself included, is bound to be miserable over that housecleaning. Because she will indulge a silly appetite, will not break a habit, the habit of 'poking around' her own things.

I know another woman who sits up until 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning sewing. She doesn't have to do it. She wants to do it. She is indulging her appetite.

The next morning the children see their mother with her head tied up in a towel saturated with camphor and her husband has his head snapped off because he suggests that she should have gone earlier to bed.

'I had to finish my stent,' she wails. 'I had callers in the afternoon.'

Then when he is gone she cries out all there is left of her eyes because she has such an 'unsympathetic' husband. Unsympathetic! That woman is intemperate.

A hundred years from now who will care whether or not mother finished her stent?

But a hundred years from now weak-eyed, wobbly-legged children will care because great-great-grandmother broke her back scrubbing the kitchen floor, and spoiled her eyes finishing her stent.—Detroit 'News.'

Pass It On.

'You're a great little wife, and I don't know what I would do without you.' And as he spoke he put his arms about her and kissed her, and she forgot all the care in that moment, says a wise exchange. And, forgetting all, she sang as she washed the dishes, and sang as she made the beds, and the song was heard next door, and a woman there caught the refrain, and sang also, and two homes were happier because he had told her that sweet old story, the story of the love of a husband for a wife. As she sang, the butcher boy who called for the order heard it and went out whistling on his journey, and the world heard the whistle, and one man, hearing it, thought, Here is a lad who loves his work, a lad happy and contented.

And because she sang her heart was mellowed, and as she swept about the back door the cool air kissed her on each cheek, and she thought of a poor old woman she knew, and a little basket went over to that home, with a quarter for a crate or two of wood.

So because he kissed her, and praised her,

THE MAPLE LEAF
For Ever and Everyone.

Actual size.

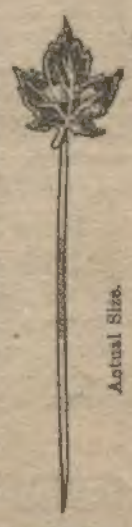
MAPLE LEAF Brooch or Stick PINS

for Empire Day, Dominion Day, Class Day and everyday. Fine, hard enamel, very dainty, retail 25 to 30 cents. Fill out our coupon and and get one for 20 CENTS, including "Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead" and "Northern Messenger" free for one month.

SCHOOL CHILDREN WILL WANT THEM.

To schools, we give the pins or brooches at Half-price for quantities and add Free a small silk Union Jack and silk badge bearing Provincial coat-of-arms.

Full particulars of school offer with each single order.



Actual Size.

.....

Maple Leaf Department.
JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
"Witness" Block,
Montreal, Can.

Please find enclosed the sum of twenty cents for Maple Leaf.....pin.

Kindly send particulars of your special school offer.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Selected Recipes.

VARIETY IN OMELETS.—If eggs are used for the foundation we may have a different omelet every day in the week. A few ears of corn were left from the dinner, cut off the corn and add it to the regular omelet, chop the corn fine, that makes a little difference. Add chopped oysters to another omelet, chopped lean ham to another, berries fresh or canned or preserved to another. Lean veal, chopped to another. Change will give a relish to all.

RICE CAKES.—Add a tablespoon of melted butter to two cups of cold boiled rice and beat up a little. Beat the yolks of two eggs, add one cup of milk, a tablespoon of sugar, a level teaspoon of salt, the rice and butter, and when all are well beaten stir in two cups of flour in which two level teaspoons of baking powder are sifted, and when this is mixed fold in carefully the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Bake in hot greased muffin pans filled about two-thirds full.

CREAMED MACARONI.— Cook quarter-pound of macaroni in plenty of boiling water that has been slightly salted; drain when it is tender enough to cut with a fork pressed against the side of the kettle. Make a sauce from one cup of milk heated in a double boiler, one rounding tablespoonful of flour, and two rounding tablespoons of butter. Season with salt and white pepper and add one-quarter pound of grated cheese. When the cheese is melted, and it should not be added until the sauce has cooked five minutes, pour at once over the hot drained macaroni. Serve hot.

SPECIAL

SUMMER SUBSCRIPTION OFFERS

For those living at least three hundred miles from Montreal,

THE 'DAILY WITNESS'

will be sent to a club of three subscribers to January 1st, 1907,

for **$2.00.**

Two of the subscribers must be new.

The 'WEEKLY WITNESS' and 'Canadian Homestead'

will be sent to January 1st, 1907, for a club of three, two of which must be new,

for only **$1.00.**

The above rates include postage paid for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hong Kong, Cyprus, also in the United States, Alaska, Cuba, Hawaaian Islands and Philippine Islands.

THE WITNESS

The 'Witness' (Daily and Weekly) gives all the news that is worthy the attention of the average reader. It keeps its readers well informed on all subjects of interest. The cable, the telegraph, and the telephone, together with a staff of competent editors and reporters, all unite to make its news columns second to none.

The 'Witness' editorial pages are acknowledged by its readers on all sides to be both fair and forceful.

Reliable commercial news and quotations of the money, stock and produce markets are features that make it of great value in the world of commerce, finance and agriculture.

The 'Witness' special departments, such as 'The Home,' 'Literary Review,' 'Letters from Readers,' 'Boys' Page,' 'Children's Corner,' 'Queries,' 'Agricultural,' 'Horticultural,' 'Veterinary,' 'Poultry,' 'Pets,' 'Medical,' 'Legal,' 'Numismatic,' 'Chess,' etc., etc., are ably conducted by specialists at a large expense, offering a most valuable privilege to 'Witness' readers.

The Daily Witness contains almost everything that appears in the Weekly, and has, of course, the advantage of bringing you the news every day.

The Weekly Witness contains the best that appears in the 'Daily Witness,' besides giving somewhat more attention to agriculture and farmers' interests generally.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

Write for full particulars to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

THE BABY'S OWN

$12 WOMAN'S SUITS $4.50

Suits to $15. Silk jackets, raincoats, skirts, waists, and linen suits at manufacturers' prices. Send for samples and fashions. Southcott Suit Co., Dept. I London, Can. Send for our catalogue, which lists everything you use wholesale.

Religious Notes.

The Duke of Connaught presided over the annual meeting of the Royal Army Temperance Association, and mentioned that the abstainers in the Army at home and in India numbered 49,000. They recognized at the War Office the very important part which the Association had played in raising the tone of the British soldier and in preparing him for whatever employment he might get in after-life. It was a source of great satisfaction to note the steady increase in sobriety which had taken place in the British Army. During his inspections he made inquiries as to the conduct of the men and was uniformly told that there was very little drinking, and in proof of this he was asked to see the canteen takings. Canteens did not exist to facilitate drinking. Mr. Clare White, the secretary, had visited the South African garrisons in the interests of the Association. Lord Methuen mentioned that one battalion in his command had 210 total abstainers.

A Chicago business man has recently published a 24-page pamphlet, entitled 'What We Owe and the Results of Paying it.' It contains the surprising results in a number of churches of obeying the command, 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse.' To most people these experiences will be both a revelation and a prophecy of the only permanent solution of church and missionary finances. Sample copies may be had gratis by addressing Thomas Kane, 64-66 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill. It is encouraging to see business men taking up the question of church support in such an earnest and sensible fashion. Many Christians only need to have their full duty, as in the matter of giving, put before them, when they will respond with liberality and a holy joy.

It is sometimes the privilege of one man to swing the door of opportunity open a little wider for another man. The Rev. E. Payson Hammond is called the 'Grandfather of the Salvation Army,' because he counselled with General Booth with respect to the organization of the Salvation Army, and gave him some ideas regarding the best methods of reaching the classes lowest down in the social scale. It is a pleasant thought that many a Moses who cannot himself enter into a sphere of growing opportunity may yet give an encouraging word and a blessing to a Joshua who is to lead the Lord's hosts thereto.

SCHOOL FLAGS FREE

The 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee Flag Offer of Canadian Flags for the Schools.

Naval Flags, sewn bunting, standard quality and patterns, to be given as Special Premiums for bona-fide new subscriptions at regular rates to any of our publications. Only by specially importing these flags can we offer them on the following liberal terms:

$15.00 in subscriptions wins a 4-yard Flag, retail value .. .. $10.00 to $13.00
$12.00 in subscriptions wins a 3-yard Flag, retail value .. .. $7.00 to $9.00
$9.00 in subscriptions wins a 2½-yard Flag, retail value .. .. $5.00 to $5.50
$6.00 in subscriptions wins a 2-yard Flag, retail value .. .. $3.75 to $4.00

	Per Year.
'Daily Witness'	$3.00
'Weekly Witness'	1.00
'World Wide'	1.50
'Northern Messenger'	.40

Only new subscriptions count in this offer.

This offer is no money-making scheme for us. What we want is to stimulate patriotic sentiment. We want our boys and girls to grow up loyal to our country and its flag.

Special terms quoted for larger flags on application.

If your school does not need another flag, we will give instead patriotic books for your library. Write for particulars.

This offer is made specially for schools, public or private, but clubs, societies or communities are free to take advantage of it. Assist us by making this widely known.

N.B.—We regret that postal regulations make it impossible to receive subscriptions at above rates for Montreal city or suburbs.

For Sample papers, flag cards, etc., address 'Flag Department,' John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'